



Macy And Username @daisy_ded



👁 23 ✓ 40 ★ 20

Chapter 1 by Adam Muller

Macy accidentally unplugged the lamp on her nightstand and her room went black.

"Dammit." she whispered.

She fumbled with the top of her bed, found her laptop and opened it. Light from the screen poured out. She fixed the covers and adjusted her pillow.

She had a notification on twitter. It was from a user she didn't recognize: @daisy_ded

"What the..." she mumbled.

Suddenly, the computer screen went dark...

Chapter 2 by Kitiōn



Macy hit the sleep button & the screen flared up again. She clicked on the notification & tried to absorb the words that she was now reading. The message read " daisyded daisyded, be careful with what hides under your bed".

Macy was not sure if she should laugh or take it seriously, but either way somebody sent this, and all things have reasons.

Chapter 3 by Selena Raynee



Just in case she looked under her own bed, but saw only a pair of old slippers she forgot to throw away.

She shouldn't pay attention to creeps from the internet. As she was thinking that, another notification came: a new message.

Macy got curious and read it, realizing it was instant.

"daisyded daisyded, you s

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Chapter 4 by Selena Raynee



Frightened, Macy slammed her notebook closed and sat on the bed in complete silence.

A lucky guess, that's what it was.

Or maybe... Yes!

She sneaked into the hallway and walked to her younger sister's door: that girl loved practical jokes. But Macy found Lilly sound asleep in her room; the girl snored, and snored quite appallingly.

Upon returning to her own room, Macy saw that her notebook illuminated the room with bright red light: some picture with a lot of red color was open in full-screen mode.

Chapter 5 by intellikat



It was her slippers red. A giant, pixellated image of her slippers, taken not moments before, for there they lay... under her bed in the position she had just tossed them after reading the message.

Macy shuddered and got a bad case of the gibblies. When the next message popped up on her screen, it took everything within her not to run screaming from the room.

"daisyded daisyded, I'm in your room
and I want your head."

Chapter 6 by intellikat



Macy withdrew into her bedsheets like a cat once did into my Uncle Joe's loafers. Her eyes darted to and fro, like flashlights, seeing nothing.

"Hello?" she ventured, like an adventurer in a scary new place. There was no response. It was as silent as a tomb; as death itself, which is a not-so-subtle way of reminding the reader that death was in the air for Macy. "Hello?" she tried a second time, as if the imagined killer in her mind was going to simply step out and relieve the tension with a jaunty how-do-you-do.

She saw a shadow dart across the room and something struck her desk, making a cup of pens

jiggle and chatter. A dull groan.

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"Chad? Is that you? You goddamn bastard! You're not sending my messages. I swear to god, almighty I'm going to..."

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Chapter 7 by intellikat



"H-h-hey, yeah. Yeah, it's me. It's Chad." Chad stepped from the shadows and switched on the room light. He was shrugging cheekily, iPhone in hand. "Sorry, May. Just a little practical joke." The three-foot tall home leprechaun shuffled over to the side of Macy's bed and sat down. "Remarkable things, these smartphones," he said. "Just set up a Twitter account... thought I'd try it out, ahem. Haha. Apologies once again. Umm, do you happen to have an iPhone charger? The new cable? Firewire or Hurricane cable or whatever it's called? I've been texting all evening, kinda drained this thing."

"For chrissakes, Chad," Macy said, getting out of bed and going through her nightstand drawer. "You're supposed to be spraying for cockroaches at this hour. If my Dad sees you in here--"

"No, it's okay, it's okay, Macy. I've taken care of your father."

"What do you mean you've 'taken care' of him?"

"We had a few nightcaps before bed. Scotch and honey lemon tea. He's sleeping like a baby. Relax." Chad plugged his iPhone into the wall and hopped onto the bed with Macy. "Ahem. Uhm. Did you find my texts a bit scary?"

"Creepy is more like it."

"Heh-heh. Yes. I was going to write, 'daisyded daisyded, I'm in your room and I want your MAIDENhead,' but I thought that might be a bit too much." Macy hit the leprechaun in the shoulder. "Haha, yes, definitely too much. Although I'd have to say you really are flowering into a beautiful young woman these days. How old are you now?"

"Too creepy, Chad. Too creepy."

"Okay, okay, May. I'll say goodnight now. Sweet dreams." The leprechaun hopped from the bed and went to the door. "Are you going to wish me the same?"

"Goodnight Chad."

Chad winked and shut the door. Macy lay in bed, wondering why her father had hired a middle-aged home leprechaun after their mother's death. She pulled the cover up over her head and closed her eyes.

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Chapter 8 by intellikat



It wasn't long before Macy began to drift off to sleep. The sound of the small floor heater in one corner was reassuring as the noises of the house quieted down and her breathing grew heavy. Outside, branches danced calmly in a light breeze and the moon hung low in the dark sky.

"Damn home leprechaun..." Macy muttered, half-asleep. "No more texts tonight..."

Suddenly, a face was pressed up next to hers and a small but firm hand clamped over her mouth.

"Daisyded daisyded, Why would I text when I could speak instead?"

Macy tried to cry out, but Chad held her fast. The last thing she felt was a kitchen knife entering her chest, and angling up into her heart. Her eyes rolled, and she slipped into oblivion.

the end

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